

Production No. CABF21

**The Simpsons**

"THE BLUNDER YEARS"

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FINAL 1

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"THE BLUNDER YEARS"

Cast List

HOMER ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
MARGE ..... JULIE KAVNER  
BART ..... NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
LISA ..... YEARDLEY SMITH  
BURLY ..... HANK AZARIA  
MAMA CELESTE ..... TRESS MACNEILLE  
PAUL NEWMAN ..... HARRY SHEARER  
NED FLANDERS ..... HARRY SHEARER  
BARNEY ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
M.C. .... HARRY SHEARER  
MESMERINO ..... HANK AZARIA  
MOE ..... HANK AZARIA  
PROF. FRINK ..... HANK AZARIA  
BUDDY LOVE ..... HANK AZARIA  
WAITRESS ..... PAMELA HAYDEN  
SMITHERS ..... HARRY SHEARER  
CARL ..... HANK AZARIA  
LENNY ..... HARRY SHEARER  
YOUNG LENNY ..... HARRY SHEARER  
YOUNG CARL ..... HANK AZARIA

YOUNG HOMER ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
GRAMPA ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
ENGINEER (SEA CAPTAIN) . HANK AZARIA  
YOUNG LOUIE ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
YOUNG FAT TONY ..... HANK AZARIA  
YOUNG LEGS ..... HARRY SHEARER  
YOUNG MOE ..... HANK AZARIA  
CHIEF WIGGUM ..... HANK AZARIA  
MR. BURNS ..... HARRY SHEARER  
SMITHERS' FATHER ..... HANK AZARIA

THE BLUNDER YEARS

by

Ian Maxtone-Graham

ACT ONE

**FADE IN:**

**SCENE 1**

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

MARGE is contentedly putting away several bags of groceries. (MAGGIE is there).

MARGE

Putting away groceries -- it's like  
unwrapping presents from yourself.

(EMPTYING BAG, TO MAGGIE) Fruit roll-  
ups for Bart... beer roll-ups for  
Homer... paper towels for little ol'  
me...

She pulls a roll of paper towels partially out of a bag.  
We see a logo reading "BURLY".

MARGE (CONT'D)

(GASP) Burly?! I bought the wrong  
brand! (WORRIED SOUND) I don't know  
anything about these towels. I'll just  
take them right back to the store and--  
(BIG) Whuuuh?

**CLOSE-UP ON THE TOWEL ROLL**

We see a picture of a hunky, smiling lumberjack on the  
package, (As on "Brawny" brand towels, but with an ax over  
his shoulder.) Marge is smitten.

MARGE

Look at those massive plaid shoulders.

Marge takes the paper towels out of the plastic wrap.

MARGE (CONT'D)

But it takes more than a pretty package  
to get into my cupboards.

She **TEARS OFF** a square and dips it in the dog's water dish.  
With an audible **WHOOSH**, it soaks up all the water, swelling  
to the thickness of an "In Style" magazine.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Look at that absorbativity! (FEELING  
SWOLLEN TOWEL) I've gotta tell  
someone...

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER**

Marge walks around the kitchen with a roll of Burly,  
**HUMMING HAPPILY** and wiping up spills. LISA enters,  
carrying her schoolbooks, a little out of breath:

LISA

I came home as quick as I could.  
What's going on?

MARGE

Watch what happens when I spill this  
blue liquid.

Marge takes a pitcher of blue liquid and spills it on the  
table, then **TEARS** a paper towel from the "Burly" roll.

LISA

(WEAK LAUGH) You pulled me out of  
school for this?!

MARGE

That's right. You're about to get a  
lesson... in value!

Marge **TEARS** a corner off the sheet and sticks it in the  
blue puddle. It **SOAKS** it all up.

MARGE (CONT'D)

And Burly's still got soaking power.  
Spill something else.

She hands Lisa a glass of milk.

LISA

Mom, I believe you.

MARGE

(A LITTLE THREATENING) Spill it...

Lisa **SPILLS** some milk. Marge **SOAKS** it up with the same  
piece of paper.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Ta-daa!

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER**

Marge has bought a dozen rolls of Burly. She arranges them  
so that the lumberjack is always facing her.

MARGE

It sure is nice to have a big, tough  
lumberjack around the house!

Just then, HOMER enters.

HOMER

(WHINING) Marge, a bee almost stung me  
today. I felt the wind go right by my  
ear. I need a hug. (WHINY SOUNDS)

As Homer hugs Marge, she looks over his shoulder at Burly. We hear **FANTASY MUSIC** and the lumberjack on the paper towels comes to life.

BURLY

Fantasize, Marge. Fantasize about  
Burly.

**MARGE'S DAYDREAM:**

Homer **MORPHS** into the Burly Lumberjack. Marge squeezes extra hard.

**BACK TO REALITY**

Marge is still **SQUEEZING** Homer extra hard.

HOMER

Ooo, that's quite a hug, honey...

Curious, he follows Marge's gaze to the lumberjack on the Burly towels.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Hey, you're looking at that spokes-  
jack! Well two can play at that game.

He looks around the kitchen for someone to fantasize about, and settles on a box of Mama Celeste pizza.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(AROUSSED) Mmm, guten tag, Mama  
Celeste.

**HOMER'S DAYDREAM:**

MAMA CELESTE leans out of the box label, brandishing a rolling pin.

MAMA CELESTE

You touch-a me and Papa Celeste will  
pound you like a scaloppini.

(PLEASANTLY) With just a pinch of  
garlic.

Homer's gaze moves down the counter to a jar of "Newman's  
Own" salad dressing. PAUL NEWMAN comes to life, annoyed:

PAUL NEWMAN

Homer, I'll tell you what I told Robert  
Redford -- it ain't gonna happen.

Paul Newman goes back to the jar of salad dressing,  
although he keeps his "ain't gonna happen" expression.

**END FANTASY/ANGLE ON HOMER**

Homer is still hugging Marge.

HOMER

(DISAPPOINTED GROAN)

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER**

**SCENE 2**

Marge sits, typing on an old-fashioned manual typewriter.

MARGE

(AS SHE TYPES) "Dear Burly, comma,  
I've never written to a registered  
trademark before, but I really admire  
your abs... orbency. (CHUCKLES) Are  
you a real person, or just a composite,  
question mark? In either case, I would  
love a signed photo. Sincerely, Marge  
Simpson."



She takes the letter and heads off to mail it. Homer skulks in and pulls the ribbon off the typewriter.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Hmm... (CHUCKLES)

He unspools the ribbon and reads the letter (which was imprinted on the ink).

HOMER (CONT'D)

"Abs"? What the-- "Love"? (GASP)

"Signed photo"?! Marge hasn't asked me  
for a signed photo in months! Well  
I'll show her!

He clenches his fist with the ribbon inside, then opens his fist to see that it is covered with ink. He **REACTS**.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(MOAN)

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY**

Marge, **HUMMING** happily, uses a paper towel to **SOAK** up a spill, then wrings out the towel and repeats the process, soaking up the same water over and over. The phone **RINGS**.

MARGE

(ANNOYED NOISE, PICKS IT UP) Hello?

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**INT. FLANDERS'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Homer (with no ink on him) and Bart are on the phone together, watching Marge through the windows. Bart holds his nose and talks like a female operator:

BART

(OPERATOR VOICE) We have a person-to-  
person call for Marge Simpson.

MARGE

(IMPRESSED) Person-to-person?! I  
accept!

Homer takes the phone and speaks in a phony leading-man  
voice (like "George Caldron").

HOMER

(LEADING-MAN VOICE) Hello. This is  
Chad Sexington, the model for Burly  
Paper Towels.

MARGE

(GASP, FANS HERSELF) How did you get  
my number?

Homer briefly panics, not sure what to say.

HOMER

(CONFIDENTLY) I don't know. But I was  
quite moved by your letter. I'd love  
to meet you and your family. Shall we  
say dinner?

MARGE

(FLUSTERED) Oh, my goodness...

HOMER

(FIRMLY) Perfect. I'll be there at  
seven.

Homer **HANGS UP.**

MARGE

He's coming over! I'll cook one of these recipes from the package.

(READING OFF TOWEL PACKAGE) Ooh, "Twice-Wiped Pork"!

(On the package label we see, along with Twice-Wiped Pork, another recipe, "Two-Ply Pie", and "Hot and Towel Soup". These are freeze-frame jokes.)

**INT. FLANDERS' S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Homer and Bart **LAUGH**.

HOMER

(WHILE LAUGHING) Oh, that's... that's great.

WIDEN to reveal that FLANDERS is there, having tea with REVEREND LOVEJOY and HELEN LOVEJOY. Flanders looks over at Homer and Bart and smiles uncomfortably.

FLANDERS

(CHUCKLES) Playing a prankeroo, eh?

HOMER

I was having a private conversation with my wife, in the guise of Chad Sexington. Do you mind?

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

**SCENE 3**

Bart and Homer enter. Marge is there, tidying.

HOMER

(COY) So, how was your day? Did anything unbelievable happen? Phone calls, things of that nature?

MARGE

Well, let's see. Maggie took a long nap... (FEIGNING NONCHALANCE) oh, and, uh, the man from the paper towels called...

HOMER

(CHAD SEXINGTON VOICE) Oh did he?

(CATCHES HIMSELF; HOMER VOICE) Uh, I mean, oh did he?

MARGE

Yes! And he's coming over for dinner tonight!

HOMER

Tonight? Well, you better get your hopes up.

MARGE

I will!

Homer and Bart **CHUCKLE.**

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

The family is dressed up. Packages of Burly are everywhere. Marge is putting the finishing touches on a large portrait of the Burly man.

MARGE

(HUMMING)

The **DOORBELL RINGS.**

HOMER

That must be him.

MARGE

Oh my God!

She quickly **WIPES** her armpits with Burly paper towels.  
Bart rolls out a roll of Burly like a red carpet. Homer  
opens the door.

HOMER

Why look, it's Chad Sexington!

BARNEY stands there in boxer shorts and an unbuttoned  
flannel shirt with his gut hanging out. He rides a small  
tree like a hobbyhorse.

BARNEY

Hey, Baby! I'm that guy you like!

Marge stares, confused.

MARGE

Barney? W-w-where's Chad--

HOMER/BART

(CRACK UP)

MARGE

(FLATLY) Wow. You fooled me.

Congratulations, I feel ridiculous.

Marge heads coldly into the kitchen. We hear pots and  
dishes **BANGING**. Homer and Bart look at each other,  
worried.

BARNEY

(OFFENDED) I can't believe this -- you  
mean, I was just a prop in some cruel  
joke?

Barney storms out.

MARGE (O.S.)

(TO DOG) Here you go, boy. Knock  
yourself out.

A moment later, Santa's Little Helper runs through the room  
with an entire roast crown of pork in his mouth.

HOMER

(GASP) No! Pork chops! (SAD MOAN)  
What am I gonna do to patch things up?

LISA

Well, I'd start with dinner and a show.

HOMER

How about Benihana, where dinner is the  
show?

Lisa and Bart give him a "forget it" look.

HOMER (CONT'D)

No, huh?

**EXT. PIMENTO GROVE - EVENING**

**SCENE 4**

Fancy cars are parked out front and well-dressed PEOPLE  
head inside.

**INT. PIMENTO GROVE - CONTINUOUS**

It's a night-clubby part of the restaurant, with a cabaret  
stage. A FEMALE CABARET SINGER is singing. The whole  
family, including Maggie in a high chair, sit near the  
stage.

MARGE

(CHEERED UP) I guess it was a pretty  
funny prank. I like the ones where  
nothing catches on fire.

HOMER

Yeah, (SMILES) nothing is hurt except feelings.

The singer finishes singing, and the M.C. takes the stage.

M.C.

Okay, you've seen our next performer on Mike Douglas, Merv Griffin, and Art Linkletter's "House Party". Please welcome Mesmerino, The Hip Hypnotist!

The crowd **APPLAUDS**. A large pyramid rolls on stage. A door opens and MESMERINO, a hacky-looking hypnotist in his 60's, wearing a turban and a worn tuxedo, steps out.

MESMERINO

Thank you. Thank you very, very much, ladies and gentlemen. Please permit me to introduce myself. I am Hypno!

MOE

But the announcer referred to you as Mesmerino.

MESMERINO

(SMOOTHLY) Yes. What did I say?

Mesmerino pulls out a hypno-coin and starts working the front row tables.

MESMERINO (CONT'D)

Let's see, who do we have here?

At the first one he approaches, PROF. FRINK sits alone.

MESMERINO (CONT'D)

Well, what's the matter with you,  
champ? You couldn't find a date?

PROF. FRINK

I didn't come here to be heckled and  
spoofed and whatnot.

MESMERINO

Well, why did you come here, seriously  
though? When I snap my fingers, my  
friend, you will be a make-out  
artist...

Mesmerino **SNAPS** his fingers...

PROF. FRINK

(SNAPPING) Glayvin! That's a  
powerful... (FRINK NOISES) Hold it  
'cause it's different. I-- (FRINK  
NOISE)

Frink does a series of **SPASMODIC** motions, and falls under  
the table. He pulls himself up by his hand, and he has  
been transformed (his glasses gone, his hair parted to the  
side, and his jacket reversed into a cool sport coat) à la  
Buddy Love. He grabs a CUTE WAITRESS (who holds a tray).

FRINK/BUDDY LOVE

Hey, hey Milkshake, listen close. I  
want you to swallow that gum and meet  
me in the coatroom in five, four,  
three, two, (POINTS) now.



WAITRESS

(SWALLOWS, THEN SMITTEN) Whatever you  
say, Professor.

She scurries off to the coatroom obediently.

MESMERINO

Okay.

Mesmerino **SNAPS** his fingers and Frink quickly **SPASMS** under  
the table and pops back up as his usual self.

FRINK/BUDDY LOVE

Ooh! The-- Hey! No, no. Don't make  
me... I don't wanna go back to the  
nothin'. I don't... (FRINK NOISES, THEN  
NORMAL SELF) Oh dear, I've re-dork-  
ulated!

Mesmerino moves over to the next front row table -- BURNS  
and SMITHERS, sitting next to each other.

MESMERINO

Ho, look at these two. It's the before  
and after picture for plastic surgery.  
Am I right, folks?

The audience **LAUGHS**.

MR. BURNS

What in God's name is he talking about?

MESMERINO

No, no, I kid. (TO SMITHERS) But  
seriously, it's very nice to see a  
young man take his father out for a  
night of hypnotism... before he dies.

SMITHERS

Actually, my father died a long time ago.

MESMERINO

O-kay.

The audience **LAUGHS**. Mesmerino moves on, looking around for his next victim.

MESMERINO (CONT'D)

Is anyone here not a downer? Anyone?

HOMER

(STANDING UP, WAVING) Do me! Do me!

Mesmerino moves to Homer and swings the hypno-coin in front of him. Homer is instantly hypnotized.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(IN A TRANCE, AND IN A HURRY) I am in your power. Boss me around.

MESMERINO

When I snap my fingers, you will transform into... a... famous historian. (SNAPS FINGERS)

Homer jumps up and down.

HOMER

Look at me, I'm a famous historian! Out of my way!

The crowd **APPLAUDS**.

MESMERINO

Thank you. Now you are... Emily Dickinson. (SNAPS FINGERS)

HOMER

Look at me, I'm Angie Dickinson! Out  
of my way!

The crowd **APPLAUDS**.

MESMERINO

Now, you are a young boy... ah,  
yourself, at twelve years old...  
(SNAPS FINGERS)

HOMER

(TWELVE-YEAR-OLD VOICE) I'm twelve  
years old... It's a nice sunny day...  
I don't have a care in the-- Oh my God!  
(SCREAMS)

Mesmerino and the family look on in horror as Homer keeps  
**SCREAMING**.

MARGE

Do something, Mesmerino!

MESMERINO

Ah, yes, yes. Um...

Mesmerino **SNAPS** his fingers, and Homer comes out of the  
trance.

HOMER

(RELIEVED) Oh, that's better...

(STARTS SCREAMING AGAIN)

Mesmerino looks nervous, and runs back inside the pyramid  
and closes the door. The pyramid rises six inches, we see  
Mesmerino's feet stick out the bottom, and he runs away.

LISA

Dad, what's wrong?

Homer continues **SCREAMING**.

MARGE

We'd better get him home.

**EXT. PIMENTO GROVE NIGHT CLUB - MOMENTS LATER**

Homer, still **SCREAMING**, tips the valet and gets in the car with the family.

HOMER

(SCREAMING) Here you go.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Homer **BRUSHES** his teeth, still **SCREAMING**.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Homer lies in bed next to Marge, **SCREAMING**. PUSH IN on her worried face as we

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

SCENE 5

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EARLY AFTERNOON

Marge is **IRONING** Bart's blue shorts. A pile of identical blue shorts sits next to her, as well as a pile of Bart's ironed red shirts. She puts the latest pair on top of the shorts pile, then **SHUFFLES** the two piles together like playing cards.

MARGE

(CHUCKLES)

Suddenly, we hear distant **SCREAMING**, which gets louder. LENNY and CARL enter with a **SCREAMING** Homer, strapped to a hand truck.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Oh, no...

CARL

Sorry, Mrs. S. He was kinda disruptin' things at work.

LENNY

Yeah, he ruined naptime and quiet time.

MARGE

Oh, Homey, you poor thing.

They lay Homer down on the couch, and turn him on his stomach so that he's screaming into the cushion. (It's now muffled, but his body is still moving like he's upset.) Bart and Lisa enter.

BART

Whoa, cool, he's still mental!

LISA

He must be struggling with some  
repressed memory.

MARGE

Well, I don't want it coming out all  
over my good living room floor. What  
should we do?

LISA

Well, the Yaqui Indians brew a special  
tea that sharpens the memory. If we  
make some for Dad, maybe we could find  
out what's behind all this.

MARGE

It would be a good excuse to use my  
Yaqui tea set...

She indicates a Native American tea set, (wooden bowls,  
etc.) in a china cabinet on the wall.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER**

Lisa and Marge are brewing an exotic tea, throwing roots,  
leaves, etc. into the pot. Bart approaches with a large  
pill bottle.

BART

Hey, wanna use my expired Ritalin?

MARGE

Chuck it in. It'll keep him regular.

Bart throws the pills into the tea.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The Yaqui tea set is arranged ceremonially on the coffee table. Marge **POURS** Homer a cup and he **SIPS** it tentatively.

HOMER

Mm. This is great. My memory's  
getting so clear. I remember where I  
put my wallet!

He stands up and reaches into the inverted dome of a ceiling light fixture, where we see the silhouette of his wallet. He sticks the wallet in his back pocket.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(REALIZING) And the remotes!

He quickly reaches into a variety of couch cracks and crannies and pulls out several remotes.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(GASP, REALIZING) My daughter's name  
is Maggie. (REALIZING) And I left her  
in the car!

MARGE

(WORRIED SOUND)

Marge runs quickly out the front door and comes back with Maggie.

LISA

That's great, Dad, but try to think  
back farther.

HOMER

Oh... (CHUCKLES) There have been so many classic Simpson moments. I remember that time I tried to jump over Springfield gorge...

We FLASHBACK DISSOLVE to Homer sailing on the skateboard over Springfield gorge (from "Bart the Daredevil").

LISA (V.O.)

No Dad, everyone's sick of that memory!

The flashback stops and we're back in the living room, present day.

LISA (CONT'D)

Try to remember back when you were twelve. Something frightening must have happened.

HOMER

Oh yeah. It all started when me, Lenny and Carl decided to go camping...

**WE FLASH BACK TO:**

**EXT. FIELD - DAY (EARLY 70'S)**

**SCENE 6**

12-YEAR-OLD LENNY, CARL and HOMER walk along a railroad track with backpacks on their backs. There's a golden radiance to everything.

HOMER (V.O.)

It was one of those lazy summer days you thought would last forever. The sun crowned the sleepy hamlet of Springfield with a halo of gold...



LENNY (V.O.)

You don't have to fruit it up, Homer.

CARL (V.O.)

Shut up, he's settin' the mood.

LENNY (V.O.)

Yeah, the mood of a beauty parlor.

HOMER (V.O.)

We all worked out our cover stories so  
we could spend the night out in the  
woods.

YOUNG LENNY

My folks think I'm sleeping over at  
Carl's house.

YOUNG CARL

My folks think I'm sleeping at Lenny's.

YOUNG HOMER

My dad thinks I'm out gettin' him beer.

GRAMPA (V.O.)

(CALLING) Hurry up, boy! If I sober  
up, there'll be hell to pay! (SNORING)

YOUNG HOMER

(LISTENING) Ah, is there a sweeter  
sound?

An **OLDIES TUNE** FADES UP as we...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. RAILROAD BRIDGE - DAY**

The boys are crossing a bridge. Lenny takes out a penny and lays it on the track.

YOUNG CARL

Ah, layin' a penny on the train tracks,  
huh?

YOUNG LENNY

Oh yeah. It's a felony, but, uh, you  
know, it's part of growin' up.

Reveal Homer leaning down with his ear to a rail.

YOUNG HOMER

There's a train comin'. It's amazing  
how close it sounds.

He looks up and sees Lenny and Carl are a long way down the track, running at top speed.

YOUNG HOMER (CONT'D)

Hey, where are you guys goin'?

Behind Homer, a large freight train speeds toward him. It's very close, and it fills the frame. The ENGINEER (THE SEA CAPTAIN) leans out of the cab.

SEA CAPTAIN

(HEAD OUT THE WINDOW, LOOKING FORWARD)

Arr, get out of the way, ya imbecile!

Homer gets up and runs away from the train. As the train is about to hit him, we CUT TO a

**CLOSE UP - THE PENNY ON THE TRACKS**

The front wheel hits the penny and the train **DERAILS**, plummeting into the river below.

**EXT. RIVER - MOMENTS LATER**

The Sea Captain comes to the surface.

SEA CAPTAIN

(GASP) That's it. No more land travel  
for me.

He climbs aboard a piece of driftwood and paddles away.

SEA CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Arr, this feels so right.

**EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON**

The boys follow the railroad tracks into the woods, singing  
in close harmony.

YOUNG HOMER/CARL/LENNY

MR. SANDMAN, BRING ME A DREAM / MAKE  
HIM THE CUTEST THAT I'VE EVER SEEN...

YOUNG LENNY

Yes.

**EXT. WOODS - FARTHER UP THE TRACKS**

YOUNG FAT TONY, LEGS, and LOUIE are standing there. Fat  
Tony holds a bird's nest filled with blue robin's eggs.

YOUNG LOUIE

Hey, uh... so what do we do now?

YOUNG FAT TONY

We wait till the rightful owner returns  
and then see what it's worth to him.

YOUNG FAT TONY/LOUIE/LEGS

(EVIL CHUCKLE)

We hear the singing boys approach O.S.

YOUNG HOMER/CARL/LENNY

...AND LOTS OF WAVY HAIR LIKE LIBERACE.

The thugs whirl and walk out onto the railroad tracks, blocking the boys' way. Young Fat Tony draws a switchblade.

YOUNG FAT TONY

Hey, you guys came a long way just to get punched in the stomach. (FOLDING SWITCHBLADE) Allow me to put my switchblade away and--

We hear a **POP** and the switchblade flies out of his hand.

YOUNG FAT TONY (CONT'D)

Ow!

Reveal YOUNG MOE, a raggedly-dressed barefoot teenager, holding a B.B. gun.

YOUNG MOE

Not so fast.

He **PUMPS** the B.B. gun back up, which take quite a while.

YOUNG LEGS

Uh-oh, he's got a daisy!

YOUNG FAT TONY

We better scram. Eighteen more pumps, that could break the skin.

The toughs scram.

MOE (V.O.)

And that's how a troubled young Moe saved the day.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY SCENE 7

Everyone turns to see Moe standing in the Simpsons' doorway.

CARL

Moe, what are you doing here?

MOE

What am I-- My bar is empty, is what.  
Why ain't you guys there?

LISA

We're trying to uncover a hidden trauma  
in my Dad's childhood.

MOE

What? You mean that time he wigged  
out? Well, uh, gimme some of that  
Indian memory tea, there and I'll tell  
you all about it.

Lisa hands him a cup of tea. Moe takes out a hip flask and  
adds some bourbon to the cup, then **DRINKS** it.

MOE (CONT'D)

Okay, that night we camped out under  
the stars...

**SLOW DISSOLVE  
TO:**

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT (THE PAST)

Homer, Lenny, Carl, and Moe are sitting around a campfire,  
toasting marshmallows.

YOUNG MOE

(LOOKING UP) Ah, look at all them  
stars. (BITTERLY) Buncha lazy lights.  
Don't do nothin' for nobody.

YOUNG CARL

Hey Moe, you're a man of the woods.  
Settle a bet.

YOUNG LENNY

(A LITTLE EMBARRASSED) Yeah, um,  
what's third base?

YOUNG CARL

Yeah.

YOUNG MOE

(KNOWING CHUCKLE) Third base is  
dancin' close with a girl.

YOUNG CARL

Told ya!

YOUNG MOE

Fourth base is seein' her naked, and  
you can't get no farther than that.

YOUNG HOMER

Hey Moe, where do you learn all this  
stuff?

YOUNG MOE

It's all in the Bible, Homer. You just  
gotta know where to look.

Young Carl eats a toasted marshmallow, then:

YOUNG CARL

Hey, you guys heard about this amazing  
new thing called the internet?

YOUNG LENNY

No. What is it?

Carl holds up a pair of swim trunks.

YOUNG CARL

It's this fancy new netting inside swim  
trunks. It lifts and separates.

He pulls a nylon mesh up from inside the trunks. We hear a  
loud **WHOOSH**.

YOUNG MOE

Hey, what was that?

The boys look over at the cooling towers of the nuclear  
plant on the horizon. A puff of steam and fire comes out  
of one of them.

YOUNG LENNY

That's the new nuclear plant.

YOUNG CARL

Hey, that place is far out. Can you  
imagine all of us workin' there, the  
Carl Crew?

YOUNG LENNY

Hey, I thought we were called "Lenny  
and the Jets"!

YOUNG MOE

Ah, you're both wrong. We're the Moe  
Syszlak experience, featuring Homer.

YOUNG CARL

Ah, I like the sound of that.

YOUNG HOMER

Friends forever?

YOUNG LENNY/CARL/MOE

Friends forever.

They extend their hands and clasp them together over the campfire. We hold on the shot dramatically, as if to dissolve away. The boys pull their hands back, shaking them in pain.

YOUNG HOMER/LENNY/CARL/MOE

Ow! / Ow, that hurts! / God we're  
morons. / I hate you guys.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. ROCK QUARRY - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

**SCENE 8**

MOE (V.O.)

The next morning, we went out to our  
favorite swimmin' hole...

It's a high rock quarry with water at the bottom, like the one in "Breaking Away." The boys walk up to the edge and look down. (We don't see what they see.)

YOUNG MOE

All right, who's jumpin' first?

YOUNG LENNY

I don't know. (LOOKING DOWN) It's a  
long way down.

YOUNG CARL

(SCARED) Yeah. I think I just logged  
onto my internet.



YOUNG LENNY

Only a moron would jump into that--

Homer runs past, shouting.

YOUNG HOMER

Geronimooo -- oh my God!

We follow Homer down to the water. He's doing a swan dive, but gets scared as he approaches the water. He lands in the shallow water, head first. He pulls his head up which is covered with mud and **MOANS** in pain. (There is a large three-foot diameter drainpipe ten feet over the quarry water level nearby.)

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

MOE

And there's your whatchamacall  
repressed trauma. I mean, who likes  
getting muddy? It's terrible. Okay,  
let's go to Moe's now.

HOMER

Wait a minute. I remember falling in  
the mud, but that's not why I've been  
screaming.

MOE

Aw, geez. (TO LISA) Hey, little girl,  
you got any "shut up" tea?

HOMER

Something else happened in that  
quarry... something... else...

**EXT. ROCK QUARRY - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Homer starts climbing out of the quarry. He is no longer covered in mud.

YOUNG HOMER

Hey, what happened to all the water?

He looks up and sees the drainpipe. A little **TRICKLE** of water is coming out of it.

YOUNG HOMER (CONT'D)

Hmmm... hey, something's blocking it.

He grabs a stick and starts **POKING** inside the pipe...

**EXT. TOP OF QUARRY - CONTINUOUS**

YOUNG MOE

(CALLING) Come on Homer, we're gonna  
go look for some naked chicks  
somewhere.

They leave.

**EXT. BOTTOM OF QUARRY - CONTINUOUS**

YOUNG HOMER

(CALLING) Just a second, guys. (NO  
ANSWER) Guys?

Young Homer's voice **ECHOES** in the empty quarry. We hear a creepy **BIRD CRY**, and Homer's spooked, but he keeps **PRYING**. Something comes loose...

YOUNG HOMER (CONT'D)

Oh, here's the problem...

He pulls a large object from the pipe. It is followed by a **TORRENT** of water which **KNOCKS** Homer down. He surfaces, **STRUGGLING** with the object, and sees it is a MAN'S CORPSE.

YOUNG HOMER (CONT'D)

(SCREAMS)

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

SCENE 9

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Simpsons, Lenny, Carl and Moe all stare at Homer, horrified.

MARGE

You found a dead body when you were twelve? No wonder you've been so traumatized. (SHE HUGS HIM)

HOMER

(SOBBING) It's responsible for everything wrong in my life -- the overeating, the career frustrations...

BART

The nagging wife...

MARGE

Bart!

BART

I just repeat what I hear.

LISA

Hang on. (BUILDING) If Dad never told anyone, that body must still be out there.

MARGE

Maybe there's murder afoot!

LISA

Murder most foul?

MARGE

(SHRUGS) Maybe.

BART

This sounds like a case that only the Simpson family can solve.

MOE

(HURT) Oh. I guess we'll just be going, then.

Moe, Lenny, and Carl start to exit.

HOMER

Oh, hey, you guys can come with us.

MOE

No, no, no. He said Simpson family. I mean, you know, it sounded exciting, but, uh... you know, we, we don't wanna intrude.

MARGE

Thanks for understanding.

MOE

(SURPRISED) Oh... (PASSIVE) Oh, okay. Well, uh, I'll see ya.

They exit. A hurt Moe peeks in the window. The family waves pleasantly. Moe gives a half-hearted wave and slinks away.

**EXT. ROAD - EVENING**

Homer drives the Simpson car, with the family in it, through a rundown neighborhood of beat-up shacks.

**INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS**

MARGE

Lock the doors. I don't like poor neighborhoods.

They stop at a stop sign in front of a beat-up house.

LISA

Hey, there's Mesmerino.

**ANGLE ON MESMERINO**

Mesmerino, in a bathrobe, is getting his mail out of his mailbox. He holds each letter up to his forehead, Carnak-style, throwing most of them away. (i.e. as he discovers they're junk mail.)

MESMERINO

(A LA CARNAK) Seventeen seventy-six.

(RIPS ENVELOPE, BLOWS OPEN) What do I owe my phone bill?

The Simpsons drive on.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. WOODS - EVENING**

The road runs out and we see some large rocks in front of the car. Homer stops the car. car pulls up and stops in front of a locked gate. An old sign reads "DANGER -- KEEP OUT".

HOMER

This is it. This is the old quarry.

(GASP) There's the rock I wrote my name on.

He flicks on the high beams. We see that the rock reads "HOMER AND DEBBIE PINSON 4-EVER".

MARGE

(ICY) Well, isn't that nice?

HOMER

(CHUCKLES) Come on, Marge, I only wrote that because I planned on loving her forever.

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR)

**INT. QUARRY - LATER**

The nervous family is huddled behind Homer, standing on the edge of the quarry. Homer scans the area with a flashlight.

MARGE

Maybe we should come back in the daytime.

HOMER

Someone's yellow belly is showing.

We see Bart's stomach poking out of his shirt.

BART

Oh, sorry. (PULLS SHIRT DOWN)

We hear some **SNAPPING** twigs. Everyone freezes, and Homer whips around with the flashlight, revealing CHIEF WIGGUM standing behind them.

CHIEF WIGGUM

(STARTLED YELP) Aw, geez. Right in the eyes.

MARGE

Chief Wiggum!

CHIEF WIGGUM

(PANICKED) Who's there? How do you...  
How do you know my name?!

BART

It's us, the Simpsons.

CHIEF WIGGUM

(RELIEVED) Oh. I saw your car by the  
gate and (CHUCKLE) I thought you might  
be computer hackers. They, they hang  
out near rocks.

LISA

We're investigating a possible murder  
case.

CHIEF WIGGUM

(INTRIGUED) Oh, really? Ah, you know,  
I'm a bit of a crime buff myself.

(SHEEPISH) Ah, I even got one of those  
police scanners in my car. Really  
makes you feel like you're part of the  
action, you know?

**EXT. EDGE OF QUARRY - LATER**

**SCENE 10**

We start CLOSE ON the drainage pipe from Homer's flashback.  
Water **TRICKLES** out. PAN DOWN to the Simpsons and Chief  
Wiggum at the edge of the quarry. The water is deeper than  
it was in the flashback. There's an eerie silence, and  
spooky **BIRD CRIES**, as in the flashback. Bart and Lisa  
probe the water with sticks. Homer and Chief Wiggum drag  
the water with a treble hook on a chain.

CHIEF WIGGUM

Hey, I think we got something.

They slowly pull the chain from the water, an old tire is hooked onto it. On the side of the tire is written "HOMER AND DEBBIE PINSON 4-EVER".

MARGE

Oh, for God's sake.

HOMER

Man, that was good chalk.

**ANGLE ON BART AND LISA**

LISA

(GROAN) We'll never find the body  
under all this water.

MARGE

(GETTING AN IDEA) Water, eh?

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. QUARRY - WATER'S EDGE - A LITTLE LATER**

Marge walks up with an armload of Burly paper towels.

MARGE

Burly to the rescue!

She **TOSSES** the rolls of paper towels in the water. The rolls quickly **EXPAND, SUCKING UP** enough liquid to lower the water level a few feet.

CHIEF WIGGUM

Thank you, Burly. Or should I say...

He pins a badge to one still-wrapped roll of Burly.

CHIEF WIGGUM (CONT'D)

Officer Burly.

Wiggum salutes the roll of towels. With the weight of the bag, it tips over.



CHIEF WIGGUM (CONT'D)

Officer down. (BITTERLY, TO HIMSELF)  
This is one spill even he can't clean  
up.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. QUARRY FLOOR - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

The Simpsons and Wiggum are looking around for clues among  
the exposed quarry jetsam.

BART

Ah man, who'd'a thought poking around  
in the mud for a dead body could get  
boring.

MARGE

See anything, Chief?

CHIEF WIGGUM

Nah, no corpses here. Just this skull-  
shaped rock and a buncha white sticks.

REVEAL Wiggum standing next to an almost complete human  
skeleton.

BART

Hey, it's the body!

HOMER

(LOOKING AROUND, ACCUSING) And someone  
has eaten the flesh.

MARGE

But whose body is it?

LISA

And how did it get here?

CHIEF WIGGUM

Well, I know one way to find out.

Wiggum shines his flashlight on the drainpipe.

**INT. DRAINAGE PIPE - A LITTLE LATER**

The pipe is dark. The Simpsons and Wiggum walk through, crouched over and following Wiggum's flashlight.

HOMER

Now do you believe dead rats float,  
Lisa?

LISA

(TERRIFIED) Yes.

They continue walking.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. DRAINPIPE - LATER**

The hunched-over Simpsons and Wiggum reach the end of the drainpipe. Above their heads is a wide ceiling hatch.

CHIEF WIGGUM

(DRAMATICALLY) On the other side of  
this hatch is our murderer. Ahh, okay,  
who wants to be the first to see him?  
Lisa, you've been a good little girl.

LISA

It's been twenty-eight years, Chief.  
He's probably not there.

CHIEF WIGGUM

All right. Well, to hell with the  
danger. I'm, ah, I'm going in.

Wiggum draws his gun and **OPENS** the hatch, and they all quickly stick their heads up to find themselves in...

**SCENE 11**

**INT. MR. BURNS' OFFICE - NUCLEAR PLANT - CONTINUOUS**

The hatch was below Burns' stuffed bear (which is tipped sideways, attached to the hatch). Wiggum points his gun at Burns, who sits at his desk.

MR. BURNS

(STARTLED NOISE, THEN ANGRY) Who's  
tampering with my corpse-hatch?  
I'll... Oh, I mean, uh... Well, a  
secret entrance! I uh... fancy that,  
uh...

HOMER

Montgomery Burns, you're under arrest  
for murder.

(Everyone climbs out.)

MR. BURNS

I'm sorry, you'll have to be much more  
specific.

LISA

Maybe this will refresh your memory!

She places the skull on Burns' desk.

MR. BURNS

(SIGHS) I've been expecting this day  
for thirty years. In a way, it's a  
relief. (THEN) But in another way,  
it's most unwelcome. For you see, this  
pile of white sticks is all that's left  
of my dear friend... Ernest K.  
Smithers.

LISA

(GASP) Smithers' father!

BART

(HORRIFIED) Smithers' father?!

(DISGUSTED SOUND)

Bart, who's been playing with the skull, **DROPS** it like a  
hot potato.

MR. BURNS

But I'm no murderer in this particular  
instance. And I can prove it.

Burns pulls out a reel of 16mm film labeled "PLANT  
SURVEILLANCE FILM". He **POPS** the reel onto a projector.

HOMER

(QUICKLY) Ooh, a movie! I call the  
couch!

Homer **HOPS** onto the couch and stretches out for the movie.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(LAUGHS)

MR. BURNS

If you see only one film this year that  
proves my innocence, make it this one.

He **PUSHES** a button on the projector, which starts up.

**ON THE PROJECTION SCREEN**

We see:

**INT. NUCLEAR PLANT - DAY - 70'S**

Mr. Burns (with sideburns and 70's clothes -- wide tie,  
etc.) stands in front of a power gauge, looking concerned.

MR. BURNS

Smithers, why is the town using so much  
of my electricity?

Reveal SMITHERS' FATHER standing next to him. He is a  
stockier, more macho version of his son, with the same  
glasses and haircut.

SMITHERS' FATHER

Mm, I'm afraid everyone's using their  
Water-piks, Monty. But I wouldn't  
worry, I'm sure they're just a passing  
fad.

MR. BURNS

Oh no, they're here to stay. I'd bet  
my sideburns on it.

They look at the gauge, concerned.

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

Damn that floss-weavers' strike.

On the monitor, we see warning lights flash and hear  
**ALARMS**. They run out and we CUT TO:

**INT. NUCLEAR PLANT - CENTRAL CORE - MOMENTS LATER**

Burns and Smithers' father look through a window at the reactor core, which is beginning to melt down.

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

Gadzooks! I don't like the look of that core. Flames leaping, walls melting...

SMITHERS' FATHER

Stand back, Monty! I'm going in.

He grabs an extinguisher, **OPENS** the hatch, and enters the core.

MR. BURNS

Uh, wait, Smithers! There's some things I haven't told you about radiation!

Smithers' father re-emerges with a swollen, glowing, green head.

SMITHERS' FATHER

Like what?

MR. BURNS

(SHOCKED SOUND) Never mind.

Smithers' father reenters the core. The film runs out.

**BACK TO SCENE**

**SCENE 12**

Mr. Burns shuts off the projector.

MR. BURNS

I couldn't admit we'd nearly had a meltdown, so I did what anyone would do. I shoved his heroic corpse down a drainage pipe, then had a bear killed to hide the spot.

CHIEF WIGGUM

I knew it.

MR. BURNS

But I do feel bad that I never told his son.

SMITHERS (O.S.)

You just did, sir.

Everyone turns to see Smithers standing in the doorway.

MR. BURNS

(GASP) Smithers! (SPUTTERS) This is a dramatic turn of events.

HOMER

(ON COUCH, EATING POPCORN) Hey, now the movie's a play! Still good, though.

MR. BURNS

Well Smithers, now you know the truth about your father. Sorry I made up that fantastic tale I told you as a boy.

SMITHERS

The one about him being killed in the  
Amazon by a tribe of savage women?

MR. BURNS

(SHORT CHUCKLE) Yes. I hope it didn't  
affect you in any way.

SMITHERS

We'll never know, sir.

Bart sees something in Smithers' father's skull.

BART

Cool, there's a piece of paper in here!

CHIEF WIGGUM

And it's covered in some kind of  
squiggles. Can't seem to make heads or  
tails of...

LISA

Gimme that!

Lisa reaches through the sinus cavity, pulls out a note and  
reads it.

LISA (CONT'D)

(READING) "Waylon, I'm concerned that  
I don't have much time left, since I'm  
writing this by the light of my head.  
I want you to know that whatever  
direction your life takes, I'll always  
be proud of you. Love, Dad."

CHIEF WIGGUM

The squiggles was writing.



Off Smithers' touched expression, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT**

Homer and Marge are sitting up in bed together under the covers.

HOMER

Well Marge, we solved the case of the  
haunted quarry.

MARGE

We sure did. And now you can finally  
get to sleep again.

She kisses him and turns off the light. We hear them  
**CUDDLE** and **KISS**.

HOMER

I love you.

MARGE

And I love you too.

HOMER

Goodnight, Marge.

MARGE

Goodnight, Burly.

We see Homer's eyes open.

HOMER

(UPSET SOUND)

MARGE

(CHUCKLE)

FADE OUT:

THE END